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was told to make a list of the things a white girl would require for a wedding outfit. Consulting at all times with Nau-noc-ca as to her wishes, his wife made out the list, and Quanah sent our narrator, with the money and a packhorse, to Wichita Falls for the wedding finery.

So Nau-noc-ca married her white lover, dressed in all the furbelows and adornments a white girl could have wished, and a white missionary minister performed the ceremony.

"Stranger He Come"

In the spring of 1922 I found it necessary to spend a weekend at Gage, a small Northwest Oklahoma town. While I was there, an old cowman told me a story about his dealings with Quanah Parker. The old chap said he was a cowboy on the first cattle drive across the Comanche land, in what is now Oklahoma, and he was trail boss on the second herd to cross Quanah Parker's domain. This would have been shortly after the surrender of the Comanches to the Army at Fort Sill in June, 1875, and before Quanah began leasing graze to Burnett and Waggoner, Texas ranchers.

An experienced drover came to the community where his father's ranch was located, wanting to make up a trail herd of stock cattle. That is to say, he wanted a herd of mostly "she stuff"—yearling heifers to old cows—bulls, and yearling steers. He proposed to drive this herd to Wyoming, where there was a market for stock cattle with Wyoming ranchers.

He had made a number of drives to Dodge City, Kansas, and had seen such herds being put together from rejects; cows heavy with calf, cows with calves at their sides, bulls, and steers and heifers too young or otherwise unsuited for the butcher or feed-lot buyers. These herds were being trailed to Wyoming.

My narrator got his job, largely because his father had been the first to sign up cattle for the proposed drive. The drover planned to cross Comanche land, because it would save at least 120 miles—60 east and 60 back west—and to overtake the herd by way of the Chisholm trail. Eight miles is a good day's drive of stock cattle, and this route would shorten the drive at least fifteen days. The drover had recently delivered a herd of steers to the Army at Fort Sill for issue to the Indians, and had met Quanah Parker.

The Chief had agreed, for so many large steers, to let him drive

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643 along the west side of Comanche land, skirt the west end of the 437 Wichita Mountains (near where the town of Snyder, Oklahoma, is located), and on north to the Washita River and the Cheyenne-Arapaho country.

000 Moving a herd of stock cattle is much slower than trailing steers. Most of the cows were heavy with calf, and they began dropping their calves before the Red River was reached. This called for a calf wagon to haul the calves the first few days of their lives, until they were strong enough to keep up with the drive.

Reaching the river early one afternoon, they put the herd across and made camp on the north bank. The crossing was made just south of the present town of Davidson, Oklahoma. As usual, the cook wagon was stopped with the tongue pointed north, so if it was a cloudy morning they would know how to point the herd. The drover left at daybreak, taking my narrator with him, to find Quanah Parker.

Before leaving, he told his straw boss to drive due north until he sighted the mountains. Then he was to veer east enough to just skirt the west end of the main range. He said there was a sizable creek of clear sweet water flowing due west from the end of the range. It was about thirty to thirty-five miles to the mountains. The straw boss was to hold the herd there and await the arrival of the boss drover.

It was about sixty miles to Fort Sill from the place where they left the herd. Learning at the fort the location of Quanah's camp, they rode there and arranged with Quanah to rendezvous with the herd.

I was told what year this drive was made, but I no longer remember. Harry Drago, in his book *Great American Cattle Trails*, says a herd was put across the river at approximately the same spot in 1877. When a man by the name of Doan, an Indian trader at Fort Sill, learned of cattle being put across there and driven due north, he decided to put in a store on the south side of the river. From then till the end of the cattle drives in the middle eighties, this crossing was known as Doan's Crossing.

The Doans operated their store about seven years—perhaps until 1885. It is estimated that over the seven years several million longhorns were put across the river in the general vicinity of the store. Doan hired men to cut the coarse wild grass along the river and spread the hay on the sand to make a better crossing. As one layer

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was tramped into the sand, he had another layer spread. He charged twenty-five cents a head for cattle to cross his hay-paved crossing; but much of the time the river was tame, and drovers risked the danger of quicksand to save the toll.

Then too, many did not have the necessary funds. Even twenty-five cents a head for two to three thousand head of cattle ran into quite a sum of money, in a just-after-the-war economy. Doan's store was the jumping-off place; it was the last place to buy supplies until a town in Kansas could be reached; the last place mail could be received or sent; the last place owners could meet up with their herd or issue orders to their drovers.

Later, on the same night when my narrator and his boss joined the herd, they heard Quanah and his young men go into camp a short distance down the creek. At daylight they took a quarter of beef down to Quanah's camp and invited him to eat breakfast at the cook wagon.

By the time breakfast was over it began to rain, but they cut out the seventeen head of big steers promised Quanah, and the Indians started for Quanah's camp. But he left two of his young men to accompany the drive to the Washita River. They were to tell any other Indians who might try to stop the herd that it was paid through to the Washita.

Apparently it was the first time the young Indians had had all the coffee they could drink, and they rode to the chuck wagon soon after it made each stop. Food three times a day was also something new, and evidently they enjoyed the trip. When the Washita was reached, the boss got the stores out and gave each of the young braves a pair of jeans pants and a calico shirt.

Because of continuous rain, they held the cattle for three days at the camp where they met Quanah. The grass was excellent. As my narrator expressed it, "The grama-grass was belly high to a yearling," and the herd was healthy and putting on weight. The trip on to Wyoming was uneventful, and they were able to save nearly all the calves.

A ready market was found for the cattle, and at a better price than had been expected. Some of the cowboys decided to work a while for the ranchers buying the cattle, but this drive had gone so well that my narrator decided he wanted to try his hand at bossing a drive.